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1916

VERSES



HAROLD ROWNTREE





Class F 502.3

Book 174

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*This simple book of verse I send
In token of the love, Dear Friend,
That we have for each other;
And if I still keep writing rhyme,
Perchance I may some future time
Prepare and send another.*

VERSES

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif surrounds the central text area.

VERSES

HAROLD ROWNTREE



CHICAGO
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1916

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1916

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701.

As custom—how that word I hate—
Decrees this book I dedicate,
I gladly make the dedication
To those who gave me inspiration.

MAY -1 1916

A PROTEST

No chains of the slave are more galling
Than fetter my hand and my tongue,
My thoughts that I never can utter,
My songs that are ever unsung.

The words that I write may be puerile,
The thoughts that sear deeply my brain,
If I had the gift of expression,
Would fire the world over again.

The picture I paint is but childish
In color and form and in shade,
The sunset in all of its glory
The picture my vision had made.

My soul is enraptured creating
Such music as Mendelssohn wrote,
The songs that I struggle to utter
Die voiceless ere reaching my throat.

Oh, nature is cruel, unthinking,
The gifts that it wastes are of God,
It buries the soul of a poet
In a dull, undemonstrative clod.

It shackles an artist's high visions
To fingers too clumsy to paint,
It wastes on a sensual body
The thoughts and the dreams of a saint.

What use is the gift of creation,
The vision of things yet to be,
If my tongue is too dumb to utter
The thoughts that are given to me.

THE HYMN OF EVOLUTION

Space in its desolate vastness
Was wrapped in the silence of death,
Nature pre-natal, awaited
The touch of God's quickening breath;
God breathed his thought in the vastness,
The quivering ether, alight,
Carried His edict eternal
Afar through the regions of night;
Onward and upward and onward
The growth of creation shall trend
Higher and ever still higher
Evolve to eternity's end;
Higher and ever still higher,
Jehovah's eternal decree,
God's evolution leads upward
From mountain and valley and sea.

Down through the unending ages
The message is carried afar,
Throbbing celestial music
It echoes from planet to star;
We cannot grasp its full grandeur,
The message that comes to us still,
Higher and ever still higher,
The edict of God's holy will;
Onward the path leads still onward,
Nor dream of the fleshpots of yore,
Be nearer God on the morrow
Than ever we have been before;
Live so when death's icy fingers
Have laid us at rest neath the sod,
Earth may be nearer to Heaven,
Mankind may be nearer to God.

Down through the mists of the ages,
 In countless eternities past,
Order evolved from blind Chaos,
 And Law was supreme at the last,
Ether evolved into Atoms,
 And Atoms with Atoms unite,
Matter evolved its vibrations
 Of color, of heat and of light.
Somewhere, somehow, in the vastness,
 Athrobbing with forces at strife,
Nature achieved a new glory,
 A being with sentient life;
Life in the forest primeval,
 All life since creation began,
Life in its great transformation
 From microbe atomic to Man.

Life for the pleasure of living,
 And life with its glory and fame,
Life with its skeleton hidden,
 And life with its sin and its shame,
Life with the wealthy and mighty,
 And life without sorrow or care,
Life when its idol is shattered,
 And life in the depths of despair.
Life in its butterfly fashion,
 The slave of society's calls,
Balls and receptions and dances,
 And dances, receptions and balls,
Life in the streets and the gutter,
 A life in the horror of sin,
Life in its deep degradation,
 Repulsive without and within.

Life with its summer and sunshine,
Or life with its winter and snow,
Life with its limitless future,
Or life with its pain and its woe,
Life in eternal advancement,
Or life in eternal decay,
Life where the sin of tomorrow
Is duty we should do today;
Life which has grown and expanded
In aeons since first it began,
Life, has it reached its full glory
And highest fruition in Man?
Is this the end of creation,
Of myriad centuries past,
Universe groaning in travail
Producing but mankind at last?

Man, what is Man to be claiming
The final achievement to be,
Slave of inherited passion
Adrift on a desolate sea;
Man, what is Man to be thinking
That all evolution is o'er,
Slave of the ages preceding
Adrift near a storm-beaten shore;
Man, what is Man to be boasting
Of civilization and light,
Civilization may crumble
In ruin, and bloodshed, and fight;
Man, what is Man to be saying
That never his wisdom shall fail,
Life were indeed a grim failure
If man is the end of the trail.

Fools we are, blind in our folly,
 We follow the crowd as it goes,
Worship whatever's the fashion
 In money, religion or clothes;
What we are taught in our childhood
 Is what we believe throughout life,
Cling to it though it estranges
 Our children or husband or wife;
Ever the hoary tradition
 And curses on all that is new,
Ever the fanciful fable
 And ever the false for the true;
Scowling on every advancement
 And scoffing with sneer and with jest,
Why should we strive for a better?
 The present is always the best.

End of creation Man is not,
 Sometime and somehow and someday,
Life must evolve to a better,
 More glorious, holier day;
Maybe for many long ages,
 Each man with his last dying breath
Entered the realms of the spirit
 Thus triumphing over his death;
Maybe the mild Galilean
 With purity, kindness and love,
First broke the door of death's dungeon
 And entered the portals above;
Maybe that only the noblest
 Are touched with His quickening breath,
Striving successfully Godward
 Must break through the shackles of death.

Maybe that death is still master,
That ages must come and must go,
More that is brutal forgotten
And more that is Godlike to know,
So by unending gradation,
Outgrowing the sins of the past,
Life shall achieve its salvation
By breaking its bondage at last.
What if our life is yet mortal,
If heaven as yet is a dream,
If when life's struggle is over
We sink in death's desolate stream;
Live with His image before us,
So live in our striving to God,
Life shall achieve its dominion
O'er death and the grave and the sod.

None can conceive the hereafter,
Its glory would dazzle our sight,
We can but grope through the darkness
With faith in its beckoning light;
Onward and upward and onward
The trail ever climbs up the hill,
Heights we attain but assist us
To conquer some greater heights still.
Higher and ever still higher
Life's glorious path will ascend,
Reaching forever more Godward
Forever approaching the end;
Higher and ever still higher
The path evolution has trod,
Onward and upward and onward
And nearer, still nearer, to God.

MY CREED

What can I know apart from mere belief?
Belief and knowledge are as things apart
Though oft confused. Belief may be
So deeply grounded on apparent fact
That it approacheth knowledge, but the facts
On which it rests may prove but empty dreams,
Fantastic nightmares of a soul harassed
By haunting visions of an unreal world,
Unseen and non-existent.

What do I know? I know that I exist:
All else is blank and utter nothingness.
I think I know a multitude of things,
Whereas I but believe them. I know naught
Of world, nor men, nor universe, nor God,
Nor of the life that seems to teem around,
Nor of the million orbs that shine through space
Resplendent in their fiery majesty.
My knowledge dwindles down to one brief fact,
I know that I exist and nothing more.
All so-called knowledge is but firm belief,
Deep grounded on environment.

But if you ask what I believe, Ah then
My soul awakes and soars to vaster heights.
No bonds can hold my eager thoughts in thrall,
My hungry soul can search infinity,
Can delve within the long forgotten past,
Can seek the future with prophetic eye,
Can search, and learn, and ponder, to discern
The hidden meaning of the Universe.

You ask what I believe? Above all else
My soul believes that all things work for good,
That God ordained the universe to feel
In every corner of His vast domain
The urgings of eternity, to press
Forever forward, so that age by age
Would mark some real progression, slow but sure,
And neither war nor pestilence nor sin
Can long delay the ever-upward trend
Of universal evolution.

And I believe, deep rooted in my soul,
The life of each is judged by what he does,
The debits and the credits totaled up
And then a balance struck, that so each soul
Will face the record he himself has made.
Just as in business careful toll is kept
By accurate accounting, year by year,
To thereby know by records daily made
How each department makes its gain or loss.
In each account an entering charge is made
To cover all the first initial cost;
Preparing for the real productive work,
Inventions made, experiments and tests,
Or advertising done, and to such costs
Is added day by day the full expense
Of such department, also every loss
It may sustain, and all this total cost
Must be outweighed by profits and by gain
Or all the work is loss and nothingness.

And if some marketable residue is found
Contained within the refuse or the slag
That hitherto had been but cast aside,
The residue so found is wholly gain
Deducting but the cost of separation,
And though its worth is trifling, yet may show
A greater profit on its cost and toil
Than any other product, for it has
No first initial cost to make the sum
Of all its costs prohibitive.

Just so in life, the life of each is judged
By equitable balance at the last.
What we have wrought is weighed against the cost.
Is what we have produced commensurate
With what it cost to make us? Did it pay
For untold centuries to give their best
That we might live? The blood our fathers shed
That liberty might be our heritage;
The sleepless nights, the self-denying care
Our mothers gave us in our tender years;
The schools and colleges, the upward growth,
The never-ending, ever-widening path
That leads to better opportunity.

Has this investment paid? What have we wrought
To show a profit on so vast a cost?
What have we done to help the world along,
That it may be a better place to live,
To try to ease some fellow creature's pain,
To make their burdens lighter with a smile,
To make life better for the rest, to add
By painful toil to others' happiness?

For each a final balance must be struck
And each his share is charged of every cost,
The total cost through all the ages past,
Which has been paid to make him what he is,
Be such share great or small; and then to this
Is added daily every wrongful act
That he commits against his fellowman
To place a stumbling-block within the path
Of others to a nobler destiny.

Against this charge account, what credits can
Be entered down? The kindliness of heart,
The life's devotion to some honest work
That helps the world move forward, every act
That springs from self-denial, every thought
Unselfish in its tenderness for those
Who can't repay the kindness thus bestowed.

And when my path is run, my book is closed,
When every credit has been entered up,
And every charge is duly written down,
How shall the balance stand? Have I produced
Sufficient credits to outweigh the charge,
Or am I still in debt to all the world,
A moral bankrupt in eternity?

And this is my belief; I stand or fall
Before the world, before both God and men
By every thought, by every act and deed
That I may do or I may fail to do;
And every gift the world has made to me,
The blessings of a gently nurtured youth,
Such talents as I may possess, all these
But add their weight to swell the total charge
Against the total sum of my endeavors,
For in the scales of justice we are weighed
And much is asked of him who much receives.

THE IDOLS OF THE HEART

Which of the gods do you worship?
Which god is supreme in your heart?
Gods there are many, but always
One god is above and apart;
Each of the gods has an altar,
Each altar its chapel and shrine,
Worship you may give to many,
To one your thoughts always incline.
Deep in your heart is one idol
Whose mandates you fain must obey,
Ruling your heart in its passion,
Instructing your lips what to say.
One has your deepest devotion,
Its altar is burnished and bright,
Which of the gods do you worship,
Oh Man, in the silence of night?

Which of the gods do you worship?
The gluttonous monster of Greed?
Father of thoughts diabolic
That grow in the heart like a weed;
Striving to fill up your coffers
With fast-growing heaps of your gold,
Robbing the widow and orphan,
Then leaving them out in the cold;
Having nor pity nor mercy
For those that are caught in your toils,
Bleeding the rich by your cunning,
By blackmail, by graft and by spoils,
Squeezing the poor and the needy,
With cold-blooded merciless nerve,
Which of the gods do you worship?
Oh Man, is it Greed that you serve?

Which of the gods do you worship?
Is Glory the goal that you seek?
Craving the seats of the mighty,
Despising the homes of the meek,
Boasting of what you've accomplished,
The wonderful deeds you have done,
Jealous of any whose laurels
Have really been honestly won,
Loving the glare of the spot-light,
The centre and front of the stage,
Thinking to measure the heavens,
Your poor shrivelled soul as the gauge,
Seeking applause from the rabble
By calling the rich man a knave,
Which of the gods do you worship?
Oh Man, is it Glory you crave?

Which of the gods do you worship?
Is Pride the disease of your heart?
Holding aloof from your fellows,
And keeping from others apart;
Ever too proud to acknowledge
The wrong you have done to a friend,
Even to loved ones withholding
The words that your quarrel would end;
Slow to forgive any action
That you may consider a slight,
Quick to resent any trespass
On what you regard as your right,
Brooding o'er trivial quarrels
And so making bad matters worse,
Which of the gods do you worship?
Oh Man, has your Pride been your curse?

Which of the gods do you worship?
Does Selfishness canker your soul?
Making of friendship a tribute
To which every friend must pay toll,
Using their friendship to further
The ends your base soul has in view,
Teaching them quickly their folly
If they ask assistance of you;
Turning their fondness to hatred,
Repaying their love with neglect,
Life but one endless procession
Of friendships your folly has wrecked;
Peeved unless every acquaintance
Will do your behest at a nod,
Which of the gods do you worship?
Oh Man, is your Selfishness god?

Which of the gods do you worship?
Is Pleasure the aim of your life?
Leaving the hard work to others,
The struggle, the toil, and the strife;
Eating and drinking and dancing,
And flirting and gambling or worse,
Living the life of the idle,
The life that is always a curse;
Having no plans for the future,
No work for your hand or your brain,
Nothing but seeking excitement,
Then seeking excitement again;
Drifting, just aimlessly drifting,
With muscle and brain growing weak,
Which of the gods do you worship?
Oh Man, is it Pleasure you seek?

Which of the gods do you worship?
Is Sensual Love your delight?
Toying with sacred emotions
And mocking at all that is right;
Seeking a woman's dishonor,
Your amorous passion to please,
Swearing eternal devotion
Her conscience to better appease,
Gaining the end you are seeking,
Then casting her coldly aside,
Leaving her desolate knowing
In saying you loved her you lied;
Boasting that women are easy,
That virtue in woman has ceased,
Which of the gods do you worship?
Oh Man, do you love like a Beast?

Which of the gods do you worship?
Yet why to the gods be a slave?
Break from the thralldom of bondage
Ere death ends your life in the grave;
Life is a struggle for freedom
And each his own folly must fight,
Each must achieve his salvation,
Must lead his own soul to the light;
No one is free from temptation,
But each has to fight his own sin,
None can protect us from sinning,
The demons we fight are within;
Break, by your manhood, your shackles,
And follow the God-given plan,
Why to the gods should you worship?
Oh Man, are you Slave or a Man?

THE FINAL LAW

*Which lesson do the long years teach,
The years beyond recall;
Should All protect the rights of Each
Or Each be slave to All?*

Since growing Freedom struck the hour
In many lands and climes,
When first Democracy had power
To choose its ways and times,
Unending war mankind has waged;
Which dreams the nobler dream?
When we're with arts of Peace engaged
Shall Freedom rule supreme?
Or should the State in wisdom rare
Its legislation give,
To tell us how, and when, and where
Each man his life shall live?

*Which lesson do the long years teach,
The years beyond recall;
Should All protect the rights of Each
Or Each be slave to All?*

Do States exist to regulate
Our actions hour by hour?
Majorities may imitate
A tyrant's hateful power;
Should thoughts of power possession take,
Majorities be knaves,
God help the land if thus they make
Minorities but slaves.
We hear the downtrods' feeble call,
Choose well the nobler plan,
Should Each be but the slave of All
Or All defend Each Man?

Titanic conflicts rage and die,
The nations rise and fall,
But few that fight know reason why
They fight the fight at all;
Yet every thunderous gun that booms,
Each hurtling, screaming shell,
Proclaims aloud that danger looms
Where Freedom loved to dwell.
Thus age by age its blood must spend,
Each answers to the call,
Should All the rights of Each defend
Or Each be slave to All?

When Peace again broods o'er our lands,
Surcease from war and strife,
Unanswered still the question stands,
Which is the nobler life?
And when the last war drum has throbbed,
When soldiers' work is done,
When Earth no more is sacked and robbed,
All Governments in One,
Yet still the question will remain,
Fought age by age before,
And future ages find again
The riddle as of yore.

*Which lesson do the long years teach,
The years beyond recall;
Should All protect the rights of Each
Or Each be slave to All?*

THE ELIXIR OF LOVE

The gods, in their mirth, took a caldron
To brew the elixir of love,
They kindled the fires of Olympus
To heat up the caldron above;
They filled it with hope and with passion,
Each mean and exalted desire
That enters the heart in its longings
When hearts are with passion afire.

First Jupiter gave it his anger
And Mars gave it turmoil and storm,
Then Venus gave all of her beauty
Of figure, of face; and of form;
Apollo gave glorious manhood
Commanding and handsome and tall,
But Minerva, the goddess of wisdom,
Of wisdom gave nothing at all.

Aeolus gave largely of cunning,
Deception, deceit and despair;
But Vesta, by nature domestic,
Gave love of the home as her share;
Diana, the goddess of hunting,
Gave thought and desire to pursue,
While Juno, the goddess of marriage,
Gave the wish to be loyal and true.

The gods added joy and deep sorrow,
The gods put in pleasure and pain,
With vanity, pride and devotion
They brewed it again and again;
They stirred it with Cupid's own arrow
And so Cupid's darts cannot fail,
His arrows forever thereafter
Put love-germs in hearts they impale.

Each love has its joy and its sorrow,
Each love has its bitter and sweet,
All love has a touch of devotion,
No love that is free from deceit;
In love there is something of Heaven,
In love there are moments of Hell,
And sometimes its selfish and brutal,
But always it strives to do well.

The gods on the heights of Olympus
Our pride and our vanity know,
They laugh as they witness the folly
That we, in our love, always show;
But life without love would be barren,
Though love brings less pleasure than pain,
And we sacrifice all in pursuing
The love we are striving to gain.

For love, at the last, is a blessing
Though grief be the gift that is brought,
The soul that has loved is ennobled,
The heart by its sorrow is taught,
Love strengthens the heart to face bravely
The pathway all mankind has trod,
The soul is brought nearer to Heaven,
The heart is drawn closer to God.

THE LONELY HEART

The lonely heart that treads the world's highway,
That walks aloof amidst the busy crowd,
That cannot laugh though those around be gay,
The timid soul that others think too proud;
Full well he knows the curious glances cast
As through the throng his silent figure steals,
But something holds his palsied tongue tied fast,
He cannot speak the kindly thoughts he feels.

The touch of human hearts his one desire
He wanders on, to morbid thoughts a prey,
For those he meets instinctively retire,
His coldness drives their friendly mood away;
A heart of tender sympathy with pain
Encased within a cold repellent mask,
He sometimes wonders whether he is sane
To crave so greatly what he cannot ask.

The Christ was lonely, though His tender heart
Was seeking to give ease to human pain,
To those He loved He was a man apart,
They took His love but gave not love again;
The eager throngs oft followed Him, and yet
Amongst them all He keenly felt alone,
Misunderstood by everyone He met,
Most lonely man the world has ever known.

May God have pity on each heart that aches
Marooned upon a lonely desert shore,
That dreams of happiness and then awakes
To find his dream of happiness is o'er;
No friends draw near his eager hands to seize,
No faces brighten when his face they see,
May God send peace his aching heart to ease,
May heaven set his lonely spirit free.

IF YOU SHOULD DIE TONIGHT

If you should leave this vale of tears,
Should shuffle off this mortal coil,
If all your hopes and all your fears,
If all your unremitting toil
Could not the hour of death postpone,
If you should die, tonight, alone —

If you should die, tonight, what then?
Would aching hearts be slow to heal?
In this wide world how many men,
How many women, soft would steal
In anguish at your bier to weep?
How many would their vigil keep?

In this wide world what have you wrought?
What kindly actions have you done
To win one gentle, tender thought
From those that pass you, one by one?
If you are taken from their sight,
What would they think of you, tonight?

Will those whom fate has placed within
The circle of your daily touch,
If it has been your secret sin
To keep aloof, disdaining such,
Will they a poignant sorrow share
When you have gone? Why should they care?

What have you done their love to gain,
To give you in their lives a part?
What sympathy with others pain
Has earned a place within their heart?
What toil and anguish have you spent
To warrant such a sacrament?

Have you repaid the tender care
Of those whose love for you was keen,
By thoughtless acts, all unaware,
How cold and cruel you have been?
Would you have scorned them had you known
That you would die, tonight, alone?

NEUTRAL

Oh what does Neutral mean, Father, oh what does
Neutral mean?

I'm much confused, the word is used, in many ways
I've seen,

Just why they use the word so much is really very
queer,

It seems absurd, to use a word, that has no meaning
clear.

They use it in such different ways, much puzzled
I have been,

So what does Neutral mean, Father, so what does
Neutral mean?

It's used in various ways, my son, in various ways
you'll find,

It all depends, what are the ends, the speaker has
in mind;

It means no foreign power can call for help as our
ally,

It means that we, are fully free, from foreign bond
or tie.

It means that we can choose our path, that we
apart have grown,

Our duty first and last, my son, is duty to our own.

Our duty to our own, Father, our duty to our
own,
But how can we, our duty see, how is our duty
known?
I hear so many plans proposed I can't decide
at all,
For every day, some different way, I'm told is duty's
call;
I want to see our duty clear, to find out why and
how,
So what's our duty now, Father, so what's our duty
now?

Our duty's to our own, my son, our duty's to our
own,
In smiles or tears, in future years, we'll reap what
we have sown,
We may misjudge our duty's call, we may mistake
the way,
And if we do, we'll find it true, that some time we
must pay:
For chickens will come home to roost, the ancient
proverbs tell,
So choose your duty well, my son, so choose your
duty well.

But what is duty's call, Father, but what is duty's
call?

For some say we, should never be, prepared for war
at all,

And some declare that furnishing munitions is not
right,

While some would plan, that every man, should
learn to ably fight;

And some maintain our future peace demands we
join the fray,

So what does duty say, Father, so what does duty
say?

Each one must judge his duty, son, he cannot shirk
the task,

Each loyal man, does what he can, what more can
duty ask?

Our destiny depends on us, on what we do
and say,

May Heaven guide, our nation wide, to choose the
wisest way;

For destiny comes to us all, we cannot shirk our
own,

We'll reap as we have sown, my son, we'll reap as
we have sown.

BE YE READY

Fool, if thou to sleep returnest, careless, thought-
less, not in earnest,
Sensing not when life is sternest, thou art blind
and cannot see,
If thy thoughts are apt to wander, thinking
wealth is but to squander,
On such foolishness to ponder, liberty is not for
thee.
What knowest thou of liberty?

You who do things, you who hustle, with some
big idea to tussle,
Men of brawn and men of muscle, men of plain
and vale and dell,
Think ye of your children crying, and your
wives and daughters sighing,
You may see your brave sons dying, for the land
they love so well.
Peace is peace but war is hell.

For our peaceful future caring, our defenses
swift preparing,
Lest some foe by sudden daring, devastates our
naked coast,
While we pause in helpless wonder, frail defenses
cleft asunder,
When attacking cannons thunder at our gates, a
mighty host,
Our defense a sorry boast.

Let us then be up and doing, forts and arsenals
renewing,
Ships and submarines accruing, so that if some
future day,
Should some tyrant drunk with power, think
supreme his armies tower,
Boast "This is the day and hour," send his hosts
our sons to slay,
We'll be ready for the fray.

But remember well the danger, Christ came to
His lowly manger,
Teaching love to every stranger, ponder ye the
lesson well,
May the God of wisdom guide us, keep forever
close beside us,
May He from temptation hide us, lest we fall as
Satan fell.
Peace is peace but war is hell.

So remember ere deciding, smaller nations over-
riding,
Peace proposals quick deriding, right's not always
with the strong.
Just because we hold the lever, friendship's ties
we should not sever,
Seeking right and justice ever, strive for peace
and suffer long.
Right is right and wrong is wrong.

Men who fight as they are bidden, though the
reason why is hidden,
All their manhood over-ridden, what know they
of deeper things?
Those who hunger after glory, boast their swords
with blood are gory,
They forget the adage hoary, warfare, though
a sport for kings,
Always retribution brings.

Christmas bells are sweetly ringing, peace on
earth the angels singing,
But is war the future bringing? War, with
Hell triumphant still?
War, its Hellish lust implanting? But if God
our prayers be granting,
We shall hear the children chanting, softly over
dale and hill,
Peace on earth to men good will.

THE MILITARIST AND THE PACIFIST

Said the Militarist to the good Pacifist,
"You are foolish, old man, in your views,
For it's only the strong who can never do wrong,
While the weak get licked out of their shoes.
We must live out our life in a world full of strife,
And your peace-talk is all tommyrot,
Peace is all very well, but you never can tell
When we'll need every gun we have got."

Said the good Pacifist to the Militarist,
"You are wrong, my dear friend, you are wrong,
For it cannot be right that two nations should
 fight,
That the weak should be ruled by the strong.
If for war we prepare, then for peace we won't
 care,
If we're ready to fight, we will fight.
But think only of peace, and all war will soon
 cease,
So you see, my good friend, you're not right."

Said the Militarist to the good Pacifist,
"We must kill or be killed in the fray,
And we'd rather attack than be shot in the back,
And so what is the use of delay?
Just because you want peace, do you think war
 will cease?
As I said once before, it is rot,
If we do not prepare, we can't fight, we won't
 dare,
Can we fight without guns? We can not."

Said the good Pacifist to the Militarist,
“Other nations are human, you’ll find,
And they won’t want to fight if we treat them
all right,
If we’re peaceful, and thoughtful, and kind.
If we give them a dare, by our threats to prepare,
They will come over here on the jump;
And so if you incite other nations to fight,
You are worse than a fool, you’re a chump.”

So the Militarist and the good Pacifist
Are obsessed by the thoughts in their mind,
And they both fail to see that the word “Liberty”
With our Flag has been always entwined.
There is always some sneak, who will jump on
the weak,
So it’s wise to be ready to fight;
Let us arm for defense, but not lose our good
sense,
If we arm for defense, we’re all right.

THE PROMISED PEACE

Each rain-drenched sodden trench is deep
In mud and slush and mire,
The sun-kissed hills of France are seared
With screaming shrapnel fire.
Untouched the dead and dying lie,
The soil reeks foul with blood;
May God forgive this monstrous crime
Against our Brotherhood.

Our daughters raped and thrown aside,
Our children God knows where;
Our mothers starve in ruined homes
In hopeless blank despair.
A million men are maimed for life,
A million dead and cold;
The God of War exacts full toll
In tears, and lives, and gold.

The God of Peace still reigns on high,
Sometime the war will cease;
Sometime the earth again be blessed
With happy homes and peace.
The pride and greed of pompous power
Forget, "Thus saith the Lord,"
All those that draw the sword in hate
Shall perish with the sword.

The pride and pomp of nations great,
The powers of greed and lust,
Shall sink beneath His righteous wrath
In ashes and in dust.
And pride and greed and strife shall fail,
The meek the Earth secure;
For God keeps faith forevermore,
His promises endure.

LET US PREPARE.

In taunting tones they say we're keen
By bart or trade to gain the most,
The Teutons think because unseen
Our bravery's an idle boast.
Were we full-armed they would beware,
Let us prepare. Let us prepare.

Perchance we do love bart and gain,
But deep beneath our hearts beat strong,
We see our helpless people slain
We cry aloud "Oh God, How Long?"
Could we but strike they would not dare,
Let us prepare. Let us prepare.

The quick excuse of pompous power
For decent men the last resort
Yet nearer comes the fatal hour
When mighty battles may be fought.
If human needs demand our care,
Let us prepare. Let us prepare.

The God of Peace we worship, Lord,
Thy laws are mocked on land and sea,
And as Thy Son with knotted cord
Drove out the men defiling Thee,
So may we strike the pirate's lair,
Let us prepare. Let us prepare.

And if in wrath we draw the sword
Forgotten sordid thoughts of gain,
Nor German guile nor Teuton horde
Can make us sheathe that sword again.
For nobler human rights we swear
Let us prepare. Let us prepare.

AMERICA

The Atlantic and Pacific share no thought in
wind and tide,
For America divides them, with a sea on either
side,
From the northern arctic winter to the southern
storm and ice
Stretch ten thousand miles of country that is
God's own paradise.
And the spirit of our Fathers lingers deep within
each soul,
Through the Rockies and the Andes, stretching
down from pole to pole,
From Alaska's frozen headlands to the far
Magellan Strait,
We are one in love of freedom from the tyranny
we hate;
We are one in looking deeper than the pomp of
royal courts,
With our faith in common justice, not in arma-
ments and forts,
With the right to freely worship as our souls the
truth may seek,
No one better than another, equal rights for
strong and weak;

Each may seize the golden moments opportunity
may give
To achieve his heart's ambition, to decide how he
shall live.
All the future bright with promise, with no war-
clouds we need fear,
With our brotherhood of nations growing closer
year by year,
Knowing more each of the other as our paths of
trade increase,
Reaping each a golden harvest, all America at
peace.
In the wisdom of the ages only those who peace
have sought,
Only those whose love of honor is their dominat-
ing thought,
Those who've learned the law of freedom, who
have learned the lesson well,
Only those who worship justice, may themselves
in freedom dwell.

A FORECAST

The War is over, and the world
Aghast at damage wrought,
Its battle flags destroyed or furled,
Forgetting why it fought,
Takes up once more life's tangled skein,
Which fire and flame and flood
Had sorely wrecked, to mend again
Its broken brotherhood.

With eyes from which all hope has fled,
The remnants of each race
Unclothed, unkempt, uncared, unfed,
Seek some abiding place,
Some place called Home, some hallowed ground
Where hope and love are known,
Where peace and happiness are found
In caring for one's own.

In their dire need blest work we find
To help as best we may,
And may they find us wondrous kind
In what we do and say;
May we in our abundance give
To ease their loss and pain,
That stricken Europe yet may live
And start life o'er again.

THE TEST

To each a time there comes that tries the soul,
When unkind fate destroys a cherished dream,
When life's highway demands a heavy toll,
When things indeed are not as they would seem,

The thought, the life-blood wasted on a hope
That seemed secure and safe and sound before,
But proved as faithless as an ancient rope
That at the test is rotten at the core.

The loss of those we cherish in our heart,
The friends who fail to help when friends we need,
Or fate decrees that dearest friends must part,
Ah—These are times that test the soul indeed.

God pity those who still must recollect
The ragged remnants of the wasted years,
The vanished hopes that stormy seas have wrecked,
And suffer still the heart-ache and the tears.

And brave the soul that bears a cheerful smile,
That hides a heart to bitter thoughts more prone,
Who does his daily duty, mile by mile,
And bravely faces down the years alone.

And staunch the soul who buries deep the past,
Who lets the buried past continue dead,
Who faces to the front and to the last
With steady steps goes bravely on ahead.

THE TITANTIC

Its maiden trip was ended by an ice floe on the
main,
Mighty in name, the Titanic came, but it never
returned again;
Its sides were wrenched and broken, and ripped in
gaping holes,
It met its doom, in the darkening gloom, with sixteen
hundred souls.

Blame not the gallant captain, blame not the faithful
crew,
With courage high, they could stay and die, as only
the brave can do.
We lost our best and bravest, they went to death like
men,
Oh God, we pray, that terrible day, may never
occur again.

No blame to those who owned it, no blame to those
who wrought,
They builded the boat, and launched it afloat, they
builded as they were taught.
Disaster teaches wisdom, how else can wisdom
be,
Each loss in turn, helps us to learn, to triumph o'er
the sea.

THERE IS NO CHASM MANKIND
MAY NOT SPAN

Up from the depths below, thousands of years ago,
Life broke its shackles and brute became man;
Cynics may prophesy, truth gives their taunt the lie,
There is no chasm mankind may not span.

Gusts that are treacherous, squally, tempestuous,
Dangers that only the boldest may dare;
But with intrepid skill, fearless, insistent will,
Man has achieved his success in the air.

Gliding so skillfully, vol-planing wilfully,
Hovering high over bottomless space,
Guided by eye and hand, far over sea and land,
Leaving the eagle behind in the race.

So we may learn to see, God in all history,
Endless progression is His chosen plan,
Each new invention is but God's intention,
There is no chasm mankind may not span.

Deep unto deep shall cry, earth unto earth reply,
Planets remote be invaded by man,
Each to her sister sphere, lending a willing ear,
There is no chasm mankind may not span.

LOVE THE ESSENTIAL

The Pharisees, Christ was rebuking,
Who sought the front seats, were our kin,
Who thinks he is better than others
Is Pharisee under his skin.
The Good, the Austere and the Righteous
Who frown on the girl gone astray,
The World and the Flesh and the Devil
Are sometimes far better than they.

We worship our forms and our customs,
Our piety rivals a saint;
The symbol is ever before us,
The spirit behind it grows faint.
The ring is a symbol of marriage,
But marriage, if holy, must mean
That Love has drawn two souls together
Or marriage itself is unclean.

When a girl and a man live together
The girl may be loyal and true,
Do we ask does she treat him in all things
The way a good wife ought to do.
Or note how she welcomes his coming,
Or ask does she keep his house trim,
Or ask does she love and adore him,
We ask "Is she married to him?"

Blind fools, we are blind in our folly,
We worship the symbol, the ring,
Forgetting that Love is essential,
The symbol's a beggarly thing.
Not love without marriage that burdens
Our world with its sin and its shame,
But marriage when Love has departed
Must bear the full brunt of the blame.

UP AND DOING

It is easy to follow the path that is old,
Can't you make a new trail of your own?
It is easy to do things the way that you're told,
To reap what some other has sown.
If you make up your mind
That the others are blind,
That the trail they have followed is wrong,
Make a trail that is new,
Then just force your way through
With a heart that is staunch and is strong.

It is easy to think just as you have been taught,
Can't you think a few thoughts of your own?
For you never will find if you never have sought,
You won't learn if you never have known.
If so far you have been
Just an idle machine,
Every act just the same thing again,
Don't by others be led,
Go your own way instead,
So awake and try using your brain.

It is easy to follow the crowds as they go,
Can't you think out a path of your own?
If you follow the crowd, you won't lead them, you
 know,
So just leave them and go it alone.
Look the world in the eye,
Try your best, do or die,
Every day just the best that you can,
Quit your smoking and drink,
Use your brain, start to think,
Get a move on yourself, Be a Man.

THE TELEPHONE

When she is sitting all alone,
And someone calls upon the 'phone,
She answers it in just this tone:
 " Oh—Hullo."

And if the call should chance to be
From some man she would love to see
But cannot meet him openly:
 " Oh—is that YOU?"

And if the man who makes the call
Won't give his name, but tries to stall,
Does she ring off, nay, not at all:
 " Oh—who ARE you?"

But if she finds the gay young fool
Is some youth hardly through with school,
She calls him down in accents cool:
 " I LIKE your NERVE."

But if the man who pays the bills
And smooths out all her little ills
Is calling on the 'phone, she trills:
 " Well, what do YOU want NOW?"

THE SUFFRAGETTE

Sing Hi and Sing Ho for the brave Suffragette,
At starting a row she's the best little bet,
Her hubby may fret, he may run into debt,
To care for the babies no help he can get,
He'd rather have married a little Coquette,
Or even a frivolous dancing Soubrette,
He hangs out the sign "This Apartment To Let."
At getting your goat she's the best I have met,
Sing Hi and Sing Ho for the brave Suffragette.

Sing Hi and Sing Ho for the Rose and the Thorn,
For a woman's a rose from the day she is born,
But now all her virtues she's eager to scorn,
She beats on the drum and she toots on the horn—
The welkin rings out from the earliest morn,
But she can't hide the fact that she's feeling
forlorn,
She despises the man who would cringe or would
fawn
She despises herself when her dress becomes torn,
Sing Hi and Sing Ho for the Rose and the Thorn.

THE MODERN FAMILY

The Wife

When I was newly married,
I was gentle, mild and meek,
My hubby just had "something per,"
And got it once a week.

But now that he is richer
And has shown that he can climb,
I keep busy spending money,
A gay old time for mine.

My hats all come from Paris,
And I wear imported gowns,
My hubby has to pay my bills,
Although he always frowns.

A husband's chief vocation
As I've oft remarked before,
Is in hustling after money,
And in getting more and more.

More—More—More, this is serious—not funny,
More—More—More, I've got to have more money,
More—More—More, and hustle as you go,
I don't care where you get it,
But I—need—the—dough.

THE MODERN FAMILY

The Husband

I used to be so happy
 In our little Harlem flat,
My income only "something per,"
 But it seemed enough at that.

But one day we got richer,
 And my wife began to spend,
And now she scatters it in chunks
 And spends it without end.

I'm forming trusts and combines
 That are quoted on the street,
I've raised the price on everything
 You use or wear or eat.

I never have vacations,
 I am weary, sad and sore,
But loud and ever louder
 Comes my wifie's cry for more.

More—More—More, this is serious—not funny,
More—More—More, you've got to have more money;
More—More—More, I hustle as I go,
You don't care where I get it,
 But you—need—the—dough.

BLAME THE RESULT ON THE LORD

We do the right thing and are happy,
Live lives full of peace and accord;
We boast of what we have accomplished,
No credit we give to the Lord.
We make a mistake and we suffer,
Our troubles increase like a horde;
We never say we have been foolish,
We blame the result on the Lord.

Our vanity's oft our undoing,
We spend more than we can afford;
When poverty knocks at our portal
We blame the result on the Lord.
These trials are sent to afflict us,
He chastens with fire and with sword;
And thus we bamboozle our conscience,
We blame the result on the Lord.

LOVE

There is joy, there is bliss
In a loved one's fond kiss,
But beware the fair sex at its worst.
For the kiss freely given
May come straight from Heaven,
But the money-bought kiss is accursed.

There is joy in a love
Straight from Heaven above,
But beware the Love God at his worst.
For real love loves to give
So beware while you live
Love that takes but not gives is accursed

Love when real gives a zest
Urges man to his best,
But a vampire is love at its worst.
So beware of the kind
That debases the mind,
If it hurts self-respect, it's accursed.

WHISPERS FROM WASHINGTON

(With apologies to Ingoldsby Legends)

Woodrow Wilson is tall and spare,
With a serious face and a dignified air,
Though he brushes with care his scant gray hair
The top of his head looks distressingly bare,
But his friends declare, it is really unfair
To twit the poor man on his baldness, so there,
But still it's important what hat he shall wear.

Suffice it to say, on Inaugural Day,
Which really should come in the middle of May,
When we all could feel gay, in the best sort of way,
But which comes, darn it all, when the March winds
do play,
If you don't have to stay, you're far better away,
For it's apt to be cold and unpleasantly grey,
But be that as it may, as I started to say,
If he catches a cold there's the dickens to pay.

Woodrow Wilson is thin and not fat,
Which is some reason that, in the choice of a hat,
He inclines to the kind that is soft and is flat
And despises the topper one wears on a "bat,"
Or at weddings, receptions, the club, or a frat.
But alas! What availeth how Woodrow may feel
The Ladies have now put a spoke in his wheel.

He vetoes their Ball, but I can't now recall
Just why it was wicked to dance in the Hall,
Perchance he's so tall he thought he might fall
And wipe up the floor in the deuce of a sprawl.
But whatever the reason, he decreed it High
 Treason
To mention the Ball in Inaugural season.

'Twas a great howdy-do, and a hullabaloo,
The air for a time was uncommonly blue,
And Woodrow seemed in for a bit of a stew,
But the Ladies soon knew, just what they would do,
They evened the score and they gave tit for tat,
On Inaugural Day Woodrow wears a Silk Hat.

WHAT DAD NEEDS MOST

Ev'ry mother and sister and daughter has hundreds
of wants to be filled,
Tho' the house may be full of their doo-dads their
hearts with new pleasures are thrilled,
In the stores, from the roof to the basement, are mil-
lions of things to be had
Which will tickle the tastes of the women, but nothing
at all for poor Dad;
For he seems not to care for such doo-dads, his tastes
are so simple and plain,
And he wears the same tie, the same scarf-pin, just
over and over again,
With his nose buried deep in his business, in contracts,
proposals and deeds,
And so what can we get him for Christmas? There's
nothing at all that he needs!

There is nothing at all he is wanting, no time can be
spared from the strife,
And so long has he carried the burden, the harness
seems part of his life,
Time was when his spirit was eager to taste the
delights that he craved,
But no matter how much he was earning, his women
took all that he saved;
And they took it not thinking or knowing the wants
in his heart that were stilled,
But they took it and used it desiring the wants in
their hearts to be filled;
So at last he's grown fond of his bondage, his cravings
no longer he heeds,
He's a patient old horse in the harness, there's
nothing at all that he needs.

Is there nothing at all he is needing? Ah yes, in his
heart it is true
He is craving the love that you owe him for what he
is doing for you,
In his soul is no hunger for doo-dads, for scarf-pin or
slippers or gloves,
He will gladly give all to his dear ones if only they
give him their loves.
Can't you show him you love and adore him, you
think him the best man on earth?
For perhaps he has got the impression you "work"
him for all he is worth;
So give him a kiss and more kisses, his needs are a
hug and a kiss,
Then he will be happy on Christmas, and nothing at
all he will miss.

THE MOVIES

At the movies, at the movies,
At the moving picture show,
How the dancing lights afflicker
Make the pictures come and go.
See the heroine and villain
As across the screen they fly,
"Help, oh help me," cries the maiden
"Curse you girl, now you shall die;"
While the hero, poor but honest,
Struggles with persistent will
To pay off the villain's mortgage
On the poor girl's father's mill.

Movie, movie, movie, movie,
Joy and sorrow, love and fight,
How the pictures intermingle,
Movie, movie, noon and night.

So the villain still pursues her
Through five reels each full of thrills,
Chasing her through endless forests.
Over plains and cliffs and hills;
Every time he almost gets her
Some one comes to foil his plan,
Helps the girl escape his clutches,
Makes you sorry for the man.
At the end the hero wins her
While the villain hides his face,
And the heroine and hero
End the show in close embrace.

Movie, movie, movie, movie,
How the lights and shadows play,
We must go again tomorrow,
Movie, movie, every day.

A WAIL FROM THE BED-CLOTHES

How I hate to get up in the morning,
My desires and my work do not mix,
If I get up at eight, then for work I am late,
But I do hate to get up at six,
When my pesky alarm goes a-ringing,
Then I pull up the clothes o'er my head,
But it's useless I've found, for I can't drown the sound
That insists that I get out of bed.

How I hate to get up in the morning,
Just because there's a date I must keep,
For it's surely not wise from your bed to arise
When your eyes are still heavy with sleep.
Why is everything wrong if it's pleasant?
I would change all such rules if I could,
Stay up late when you please, but next morn take
 your ease,
If you wish to be happy and good.

How I hate to get up in the morning,
It is nonsense to rise with the sun,
Early rising may do if with sleep you are through,
But it's foolish if sleep is not done.
Early rising is healthy—oh piffle,
Don't believe all such hoary old lies,
If your health you would keep, spend your mornings
 in sleep,
And you then will be healthy and wise.

ST. AUGUSTINE

Saint Augustine, Saint Augustine,
Some stirring sights thy past has seen,
The turrets of thine ancient fort,
The casements of its inner court
Have witnessed many scenes of crime
That happened in Ye Olden Time,
But now thy face is calm, serene,
A land of flowers, Saint Augustine.

Saint Augustine, Saint Augustine,
A wondrous change thine eyes have seen,
Thy fort which once with blood ran red
Is used for movie stunts instead;
And this my hope, may Heaven grant
That arts of peace may war supplant
Throughout the world, so every scene
Will look like thee, Saint Augustine.

I ALWAYS LIKE TO DO IT

It's wrong to smoke the nasty weed,
The doctors say it hurts my feed,
I know I shouldn't chew it;
Cigars and pipe and cigarette
Are better left unsmoked, and yet
I always like to do it.

It's wrong to loaf around all day,
"Hew to the line" the wise ones say,
I've always wished to hew it;
And when I find a line to hew
That's work a lazy man can do,
I always like to do it.

The theatre is wrong I know,
But I just love a lively show,
I'm bad, I always knew it;
And when the girls are young and bright
And I can see them every night
I always like to do it.

It's wrong to gamble with my dough
For I will reap just as I sow,
It's wrong, I know I'll rue it;
But when I'm dared to make a bet
The odds may be against me, yet
I always like to do it.

It's wrong to flirt with girls I meet,
But when the girl is nice and sweet,
A vision, as I view it;
And when I think the dainty miss
Would not refuse a stolen kiss,
I always like to do it.

It's wrong to drink, I've no excuse,
I know it's wrong, so what's the use,
I wish they didn't brew it;
I know I ought to stop and think
But when I'm asked to take a drink
I always like to do it.

It's wrong to eat too much, 'tis true,
But I do love a chicken stew
When they know how to stew it;
And so when any friend of mine
Asks me to go with him and dine,
I always like to do it.

It's wrong to hunger after wealth
To ruin all my chance of health
In trying to accrue it;
But still I love my purse to fill,
If I can grab a dollar bill
I always like to do it.

It's wrong to waste my precious time
By writing such a foolish rhyme,
The muse, I shouldn't woo it;
But when there's work I ought to do
And I can write a rhyme or two
I always like to do it.

It's wrong to criticise, indeed,
So if this verse the critics read
I hope they won't review it;
But if perchance they give it praise
Then I'll write verses all my days,
I always like to do it.

